Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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LUCY'S SOLDIER.

BY MARY MCGUIRE.

COME draw up your chair for a story;
I'll tell you a tale that is new,
Of the time of the British invasion,
And better than all it is true.

A dear little maiden named Lucy
Dwelt hard by the field of the fight,
Where the fathers and husbands of Groton
Were striking for freedom and right.

Twelve years old, yet so gentle and loving,
With a brave little womanly heart;
And her soft little hands in the house-work
Did deftly and gayly their part.

On that terrible day of the battle
Her task in the kitchen was done,
And she spread out the home-spun linen
To whiten awhile in the sun.

When her cousin, a patriot soldier,
Came shouting, "The red-coats are nigh;
If they ask, say I went down the turnpike."
"But, cousin, I can't tell a lie!"

The hoof-beats grew louder and louder,
He had not a moment to waste;
"Hide under the linen," she whispered—
A hint he accepted with haste.

Straight up through the dust came the riders,
Two red-coats. The brave little maid
Went calmly on sprinkling the linen
As though not the least bit afraid.

"Have you seen a man pass this way, lassie?"
She felt all the blood leave her cheek.
But she lifted her blue eyes up calmly,
And never a word did she speak.

"Fear not, little one," said the younger;
"Which way did the gentleman go?
The north road?"—a faltering "No, sir;"
Her lips felt the blood come and go.

"Ah! the turnpike?" he eagerly questioned—
A moment of silence—and then
She burst into tears, and the soldiers
Went galloping onward again.

Then back to her cheek came the color,
Glad smiles rippled out through her tears,
And with eyes all a-sparkle she whispered,
"O, cousin, it seemed years and years.

"Each moment I thought they would find you,
But I prayed just as hard as I could;
And then, when I gave up completely,
They went. Should you've thought that they would?"

So this is my quaint little story,
Of faithfulness stronger than fear;
In the days when the British came over,
And the terrors of war-time were here.

THE WAX BABETTE.

BY ADELAIDE SKEEL.

JACQUES bent over the baby's cradle, and when he was sure his mother was not looking he pulled the heavy blankets off the dimpled feet. Babette was sleeping heavily, while a hot fever burned in her veins.

"You'll give the child cold, Jacques," said the mother, turning suddenly from the big iron pot which she was stirring. "There's no use trying to cool the baby; keep her covered up warm. Ah, to think, I've used up all the doctor's stuff in the house, and yet on the tenth day there's no change for the better."

A row of empty bottles on a wooden shelf proved the abundance of the physic administered, but certain dark-brown stains on the white sheets and pillows showed that fortunately the patient had not swallowed all that had been so bounteously offered.

Presently the anxious woman turned back to her iron pot, and then again Jacques lifted the blankets and peeped at the childish form.

"It isn't like her," he whispered to himself, taking something which looked like a big misshapen candle out of his pocket and examining it critically. "It looks like a stone, and I want it to be so like Babette that when I hang it up in church the angels will almost think it is our baby."

He examined his sister's face, and while he studied there stole over it a pale grayish change.

"Mother, come; she's dying!" he cried, suddenly, for, though there came no cry of pain, the little hands twitched and the muscles quivered.

"The saints forbid!" screamed the mother, hurriedly going to a bowl of holy water which stood on a shelf beneath a rude crucifix, and plentifully sprinkling herself, Jacques, and the baby.

After a moment the sick child opened her blue eyes, and looked up with that far-seeing expression too many sad hearts know.

"Light some candles," the woman said, presently, although it was broad daylight even in this small, dark kitchen.

"Light three," she added, "and say a *gloria* lest the little one has another sinking spell. Open another box. I paid a big price to the priest for those holy candles just before Easter. Don't tell me they are all used up—I burned one at your *fête*, and three on Holy Monday, and, let me see—"

"There are none left, mother," said Jacques, showing the empty box.

"The mice have eaten them, to be sure. It is provoking for a poor woman not to be able to keep a thing on a shelf."

There was a big lump in Jacques's throat as he pulled the piece of wax out of his pocket, and said,

"I took these four to melt into a ball that I could make an image like Babette, to hang up in Our Lady's church.

You know you said she would get well if we hung up a wax figure and said our prayers; and I knew we hadn't money to buy one, so I've tried to make this, but it isn't very like, is it, mother?"

The good woman clasped her hands in rapture and devotion as the boy held up a small wax doll, which, despite its grotesqueness, showed considerable skill in modeling. The lips and cheeks were colored with crushed rose-leaves, the hair and brows were marked with the smut of candle-wick, but the arms, hands, and limbs were so accurately formed that art critics would have praised it, in spite of its crudely realistic design.

Jacques knew nothing of art critics, however, and was simply pleased to know his mother was not displeased. Boys' mothers are so contrary! She had boxed his ears when she found him copying an angel from a church window one morning at high mass, and she had whitewashed over an outline sketch of St. Theresa that he had drawn on the kitchen wall; but now she praised this work which he knew he never could have made had he not been trying all his life to draw and model.

"The saints bless you, boy!" cried this unreasonable woman, crossing herself and kissing him many more times than the best-natured son would relish. "Now, make haste to Our Lady of Succor, for I hear the vesper bell ringing. Hang the image up by the high altar, and say a prayer out of your heart, and we'll have Babette playing on the sea-shore before another week's over."

Jacques went up the hill to the beautiful church on the cliff, carrying the doll in his pocket.

The chapel had a high tower in which hung a great lamp, and there was no sailor sailing the sea who did not love Our Lady of Succor, for although it was a dangerous coast no ship had foundered on the rocks since the bright light had shone on the waves.

It was sunset and the lamp had just been lit, but the boy's mind was too full of Babette to think of much else. He was a quiet little fellow, with no roving sailor-boy tendencies. He liked to sit on the shore—the beautiful city of Marseilles behind him—and study the curling waves as they crept up, but he never ran races with them, nor sailed boats. He liked better to draw pictures of the other boys at play on the beach, and he enjoyed this sort of sketching better than copying angels from church windows, for if he failed in drawing he would take a handful of wet sand and model the object before him. So he learned above every thing else to notice more closely than other children, and this habit of observation was so strong that even on this afternoon, when he was climbing the cliff with a heart full of sad thoughts, his attention was drawn to a little girl about his own age, and a tall gentleman. He thought Chrystal Dubarry the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and she seemed equally pleased with him, for when he overtook her at the church door she stared at him so hard that in his embarrassment he dropped the wax figure on the mosaic pavement.

"Look, papa!" she cried, stooping to pick it up, and, in spite of Jacques's gesticulations and vain pointings to other wax objects which hung around the various altars, held it very tightly in her arms and said, "I am so glad to have a dolly again. Since we have been traveling I have missed mine dreadfully. Will that queer boy with the worsted jacket and red cap sell it, do you think? How funny that a boy should be taking his sister's doll to church. Buy it, papa; buy it, please, please do!"

Jacques pulled his cap off his curly head when Mr. Dubarry spoke to him in something which was meant for French, but which translated sounded like this:

"It is my child, the name of whom is Chrystal; the which has desired that I should the doll of your sister to purchase. Here is of money."

Jacques understood that he was offered money, and he knew that money would buy good things to cure Babette—not horrid drugs which she would not swallow, but fruit and jellies and ices—yet he hesitated. His mother had told him to hang the figure by the altar and say a prayer out of his heart. Would it be right to sell it instead?

Just now a guide who had watched the party for some time came up, and while Chrystal was repeating over and over in spoiled-child fashion that she wanted this wax baby, and would not have any other, that she did not want those ugly arms and legs and hearts which hung inside the church, he explained matters by saying,

"Monsieur, the priests make a good many francs out of the superstition of these poor Catholics. They tell them to buy these figures of them and hang them up when their friends are ill. When a man has a sore foot his wife buys a wax one and hangs it up here and says a prayer for her husband's lameness. But this Jacques is a clever boy. He tells me his sister is sick all over, and he has made a whole body to hang up for her. He has outwitted the priests—he has made it himself out of holy candles. He has kept his franc for something else—"

Here the lad shook his head, saying,

"No, no; but I have no francs, and yet we love Babette so dearly. I did not buy of the church because mother is poor, and we are often hungry."

Chrystal listened in horror. She had never been hungry except for a third piece of cake in all her life.

"Buy the doll, papa," she whispered, "and give him lots of money for it."

"But he will not sell it, dear, because he wishes to hang the—the—image—" Mr. Dubarry halted over the word which has such a shocking breaking-the-second-commandment sound to Protestant ears—"in church so his sister will be cured."

"But the doll wont cure her, if he does hang it up," argued the little girl, with the bluntness of ten years, "and you know it's foolish."

Then she turned coaxingly to the boy, and in not very correct French exercise sentences, said,

"Come, boy, we will do something for Babette, and you mustn't hang up the doll. It's wrong; and, besides, I want it. Papa will pay you—come, come."

Jacques followed her with doubtful steps, and she held the image in her arms when they entered the church. Cripples with their well-worn crutches were kneeling there, and many well people showed by their tearful faces that they were asking health for sick ones at home, while curious little wax legs and arms and heads hung by strings about different shrines.

Through the wide-open doors came the ceaseless, crashing sound of the waves breaking at the foot of the chalky cliff. The air drifted in strong with salt, while the singing of sailors in fishing boats mingled with the chanting of the priests. Chrystal found it hard to keep her eyes shut during the prayer, when she heard a silver, gong-like bell ring, and the heavy scent of some smoking stuff little boys in white swung about her head made her dizzy.

Before Mr. Dubarry went home with Jacques he took him to a bakery and to a confectioner's, but the boy had no heart to taste the sweet things. When he opened the door of his mother's kitchen, before he had a chance to introduce the strangers, he saw something more surprisingly delightful than words can tell.

Babette was sitting up in her wooden cradle playing with her pink toes, and she gave a real baby chuckle and "goo goo" of delight when she saw the yellow orange which Chrystal held in her hand.

"Did you hang up the image, Jacques? Did you pray?—"

The mother stopped suddenly when she saw the Americans.

"Is the baby better?" asked Jacques, for a moment forgetting his guests.

"Yes; she has been brighter ever since she came out of that sinking spell, and I believe she's quite rid of the fever," answered the woman, and then Chrystal and Mr. Dubarry began to ask questions and to look around the curious little

clean French kitchen, and soon the whole story of the wax image which was not hung up in church was told.

Another piece of good fortune came to Jacques through this rich American, but I do not think it made the boy any happier than his sister's recovery. Chrystal's doll was shown to all her friends, big and little, and one day one of the big ones, an artist, saw it.

"Don't pretend that a lad not twelve years old modeled that," he said, taking it in his hand and looking at it critically.

"Ah, now, Dubarry, you come from a truth-telling people, but I'm afraid you are chaffing us," said another tall fellow. "We have no students in the life school who can work like that without help."

"Dubarry wants us to think he's a second Cimabue discovering native genius on a hill-side," laughed a third.

"My Giotto draws babies instead of sheep, and he sits on the shore instead of in a field," began Mr. Dubarry.

"But he has real talent and will make a mark in the world if we give him a lift," said all the artists together.

The good painters did give him a lift, and he is now in a sculptor's studio studying hard. Many lovely fancies flit through his head, but his teachers keep him all the time modeling from casts. He has found time between times, however, to model one group, and you will not be surprised to learn the subject. A beautiful girl, with a face quite like Chrystal's, is holding in her arms the wax image of Babette.

"A MAN I CAN TRUST."

BY WOLSTAN DIXEY.

"WHAT is the nearest way to Smith & Robinson's stove factory?"

"O, you just go—"

"Take the next street to—"

"Turn right across—"

All the boys were speaking at once, but my companion turned away from the crowd to where a quiet, bright-looking eight-year-older had just knocked a brace of agate "alleys" out of the ring. He picked them up, and, rising to his feet, answered the question in half a minute.

"Fourth street to the right; then straight ahead. If you try the short-cut you'll get stuck in the mud."

As we turned to go I asked my companion, who is somewhat a man of the world, "How do you know he has told you right? He is so young he might be mixed up about it. Why didn't you listen to some of the older boys?"

"No, no; just look at that little fellow's face!" was the reply. "*He* would never be mixed up, and if he couldn't tell me exactly he would say so. That is a boy you can trust."

Some years later I became acquainted with the boy's father, and asked him one evening where Herman was.

"I really don't know," was the reply. "He said he was going off with the boys to have a good time. He will be in at ten; you can see him then if you will wait. I don't question him about what he is up to; but if he gets into any scrape I'm always the first one he tells of it. He is more afraid of a lie than he is of any thing else. I never feel any anxiety about Herman; he's a boy I can trust."

I heard afterward that when he first went to school some of the boys said: "Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth!" But several of them learned at the cost of a black eye that the temperature was high enough under that little roof. Said one of those boys to me:

"He never would tell tales on any body but himself, and the master couldn't flog any thing out of him. But he had plenty of pluck. There were three bigger fellows there whom he soundly thrashed one after the other, because they were picking on a little lame boy that he was befriending. O, if he undertook to help any body he'd stand by 'em till the last gun was fired. You could count on him every time. He was a fellow you could trust!"

He grew to be a young man twenty-five years old, and, being of a social disposition, went more or less into society. One evening at a fashionable reception the hostess spoke to him alone for an instant and said:

"I want to see you alone a few minutes to-morrow. I have a favor to ask."

When he called the next day she said:

"My eldest boy will be home from college to-morrow; he will be here two days. I want you to know him, and—" here her voice faltered and tears come in her eyes—"and I want you for two days to keep him away from the liquor saloons. I don't want people here to know the truth about him; it is too dreadful! Can you—will you try?"

"Yes, I will try; and I think I can do it for a couple of days." And he did.

That same week, as he was passing the office of a well-known merchant of good standing, the man beckoned him into the counting-room, and closing the door said, in a hard, dry voice, with just an attempt at a smile:

"Can you lend me ten dollars for three days? If I don't get it my note will go to protest to-morrow and I shall fail; but if I can get by this pinch I am all right."

Fortunately the young man could lend the money, and handed it over. The merchant, tiding over the crisis, was saved from bankruptcy.

Soon after, a dapper, gossipy young man met Herman Masters at a street corner, and after a deal of foolish chat remarked:

"I wonder if young Bloodgood is a hard drinker; he looks a little like it, don't he?"

Herman looked the speaker straight in the eyes as he answered,

"I never saw him do any hard drinking. I was with him constantly during his last visit home. Looks are deceptive; and besides, I don't consider it any of my business to spread such an idea about a neighbor."

The rebuke was felt; the gossip had not a bad heart, and did not air the subject any further in the town.

Yet the heart-broken mother had never said to Herman, "Don't mention it." She well knew there was no need of any such caution; and only sighed aloud to herself through her grief: "God bless him for a young man that I can trust!"

He was again met on the street by a gossip of another sort—a mean old business tattler.

"Mr. Reynolds seems kinder anxious and fidgety since coal went down, don't he? Don't you s'pose he's having a pretty hard time to squeeze through, these panicky days?"

This man referred to was the merchant whose note had been saved from protest by Herman's loan; but he replied, without a tinge of hesitation in his voice:

"It seems to me that Mr. Reynolds is holding his own very steadily. I don't know any man I would sooner trust; I wish he owed me twenty thousand dollars."

"Well, well! glad to hear it, I'm sure. It's hard telling who is reliable nowadays."

The wretched tale-bearer was set on the right track, and exclaimed to the next man he met, "Reynolds is in pretty good shape, so I'm told."

That helped Reynolds's credit nearly as much as the loan had done, and the merchant, as he began to see a clear channel ahead, fervently exclaimed within himself:

"Thank the Lord there's one young man that can open his purse and shut his mouth at the same time! Whom else could I have gone to? I don't know one. But he's a man I can trust!"

Five years afterward half a dozen capitalists were sitting together in a bank-directors' room, having an informal talk over a proposed railroad line to be run across a rough bit of country.

"Yes, yes," said one, "very good, indeed; if it could be carried across the Keystone Valley and through the Blue

Gorge, it would be a big scheme and there would be a pile of money in it; but it can't, the best engineers say it can't. We can never get freight or any thing else to carry way around the Bushberry Mountains. And I don't care to put any million dollars into a road and not get it back again."

"So say we all of us!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"Yes, so we do," said another.

"That's about it," added a third. "The money is only in the short cut, and we can't take that cut."

"Yes, but we can," rejoined the man that had made the proposition. "I don't care who says it can't be done, one chief engineer says it *can*. He knows the ground, and *I know him*. He says he can do it, and I'll back any thing he says with five million dollars, if necessary. I'm going to build that road if I have to do it alone. Come now, what do you say?"

"Who is your man?" inquired the first objector.

"Masters—Herman Masters."

"O well, that puts a different face on it. If *he* says he will do it, he will. I didn't know he had any thing to say about it. I guess you can count me in after all."

"Me too," said the next. "Masters knows his business; no question about that. He's cautious, too; he wouldn't say a thing unless he was sure of it. I'm with you. He's a man we can trust."

"Just so," chimed in another; "that's what he is. His 'say so' will go with me every time!"

And all the millionaires nodded their heads in chorus and declared:

"Yes, *he is a man we can trust.*"

THE GOOD INVISIBLE.

SAY, Lord! for thou alone canst tell
Where lurks the good invisible
Amidst the depths of discord's sea—
That seem, alas! so dark to me!
Oppressive to a mighty state,
Contentions, feuds, the people's hate—
But who dare question that which fate
Has ordered to have been?
Haply the earthquake may unfold
The resting-place of purest gold,
And haply surges up have rolled
The pearls that were unseen!

—*From the French of Victor Hugo.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Come in here, then," said Mr. Gray, leading him into the directors' room, where a single cabinet-bed stood against the wall. "Here is where you will sleep. Come whenever you are ready. I have had a ventilator put in, as I dare not have the window up, and you must be sure to put up the shutters and bars every night; but leave your door open into the bank. Then here is a spring in the floor. By treading on this heavily, you will touch a wire that rings a loud bell in the telegraph office next door. We have arranged with the night clerk to send for the police at once, if he hears that ring, and then come to your help himself. Here is your revolver and the box of cartridges, and to-night, after your supper, come up to my house and I will show you how to use it."

So at night Jack took his first lesson in the use of a pistol. He had often fired a fowling-piece of his uncle's when Will and he were boys, but never had hit any thing, much to Will's scorn. But he had been so little in the habit of hunting that this was not strange. Now he set himself diligently to learn, and when this lesson was over went to the bank, let himself in at the door, secured the shutters, let down his bed, and though the dark solitude was a little eerie and oppressive he soon fell asleep, and had a long night of that dreamless rest so peculiar to youth and health. This continued his habit for a year, during which no alarm came near him. Every night he set the spring in the floor, and every day unfastened it, with a punctual persistence that was the effect of early training, for his mother had always given him some duty about the house ever since he was old enough. At first it was merely to pick up a small basket of brush or chips or bits of refuse wood to light Mimy's fire, but it was done every day, at the same hour, and when more important things were in question the same promptness and punctuality were always demanded, for Manice understood, what so few people do understand, that a habit cannot be taught too early, that to insure constant obedience it must begin to be enforced even with the infant in arms.

But all this time Jack practiced with his revolver at every opportunity, and became a very good shot. It did not occur to him that there is a great difference between aiming at a plank and at a living man. He did not distrust at all the steadiness of his own hand in any emergency, but he always recalled the passage in his mother's letter about taking a sinful life away so suddenly, and had made a plan of resistance in case of attack, resolving to shoot his burglar in the arm or leg, and then call the police to his aid.

But it is the unexpected that always happens. Jack woke one night to find a man at his side and his own pistol pointed at his head.

"Get up!" said the burglar.

Jack turned his head, but before, in his surprise and terror, he could give the yell he meant to give, another man deftly inserted a gag in his mouth and quietly fastened it there.

Jack's fine plans were all defeated! With that revolver he was so familiar with close at his temple he was forced to rise, partially dress, and walk out to the door of the vault. This was easily opened by the men, who had both tools and skill; but Jack knew that the safe inside was impregnable, and had a combination lock. This the burglars knew also.

"Now, young fellar!" said one of them, "do you know that combination?"

Jack could not speak and would not nod his head.

"Take the gag out, Jimmy," said his interlocutor, "this yer pistol is jest as good. It'll go off mighty quick if he don't tell! Now then!" as the gag was removed. "Do you know it?"

"Yes," said Jack, who had recovered his self-possession, and oddly enough was roused by the pain the gag had given him to a certain anger that cleared his brain and made his thoughts arrange themselves with alacrity.

"Tell it, then!"

"No," said Jack, coolly and sturdily.

"Tell it!" repeated the man, with a frightful oath, pressing the pistol a little closer to Jack's throbbing temple.

"I wont!" said Jack.

At that moment the slighter man dropped the gag, the burglar who held the pistol swore at him, and as the gag-holder stooped and turned the glow of the dark lantern he held toward the floor it flashed across the back of his empty hand, and Jack saw a long white scar shine from the root of the thumb to the wrist. Where had he seen that scar before? He could not stop to remember, now was his time to fight. He dashed his right hand up against the pistol and knocked it out of the burglar's hand. It flew into the man's face and went off, but only for a moment stunned him. Jack leaped over the man with the lantern who had stooped to look for the gag, and rushed for the spring on the floor, gave it one powerful blow, and then another, before the pursuing burglar

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could get him in hand again. The gong in the next house rang out in the midnight stillness, and a door opened suddenly.

"We're done for, Jim; take that, you young rascal!" shouted the burglar, firing his pistol at Jack. The room was too dark for a sure aim, but a streak of fire seemed to hit Jack's shoulder. He felt very queer, and when he next opened his eyes two policemen and the telegraph clerk were standing over him as he lay on his bed, and the cold air from his wide-open window was pouring in on his face.

"Are they gone?" he asked, wondering why he could not speak louder.

"Bad luck to 'em; it's gone they are! an' entirely," answered one of the policemen. "Here, dhrink this, me lad, it'll give ye a bit o' life to tell about it."

"No!" said Jack, turning his head away from the offered flask; "give me some water out of that faucet. I feel queer enough; I don't want to be muddled any more."

"Bedad, then, an' bein' riddled in the shouldther's enough to muddle ye. A sup o' the whisky'll clear yer head; take a bit."

"No!" said Jack, with a face of disgust, eagerly drinking the cup of water the clerk brought him.

"Now, what is it?"

And in answer to their questions he told the short story of his encounter.

"Well, you're plucky," said the admiring clerk.

"Ye'd be a credit to the p'lice yersel'," laughed Pat; "but it's time we'd a docther here; G'arge, run for the next wan; I b'lieve the lad's swoundin' foreninst us!"

And so he was. There was a warm trickle down his arm, the gas danced as if the wind blew it, things seemed to withdraw from before him, and a strange feeble calm to possess all his faculties. By the time Doctor Burns got there Jack was in a dead faint.

The doctor found on examination that the pistol ball had gone through the boy's shoulder, just grazing the bone; but he had bled a good deal, and it had weakened him, though it was only a flesh wound and not dangerous, if no complications set in.

Jack smiled rather feebly in Mr. Gray's face the next morning when that gentleman came at an early hour to investigate matters.

"It's funny, isn't it?" he said; "that's just where I'd planned to shoot him. I didn't mean to kill him, and I had made up my mind to hit his shoulder but he turned the tables on me."

"'The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley,'"

quoted Mr. Gray; "and I don't know why yours shouldn't, Jack; but you're a brave fellow, and you must not talk. Those two things are fixed facts. Doctor Burns is coming to-night in the carriage to fetch you to my house, and you'll find your mother there to nurse you, so now go to sleep," and with a friendly nod Mr. Gray left him.

But he did not sleep long, sweet and soothing as was the thought of his mother's care and love. There were people coming and going all day in the bank, and the chief of police had to come in and ask him a few questions.

These Jack answered as briefly as might be. He had not seen either man's face; each had spoken in a hoarse, low voice, evidently assumed; the pistol was his own, which he always had ready on a chair by his bed.

"Had he ever told any one where he kept his pistol?"

Not that he could remember. Mr. Gray had advised him not to talk about his resources or his precautions, and he could not recollect having done so.

Neither could he tell the height nor figure of his assailants; the man who held the pistol at his temple must have been, he thought, taller than he was, but he could not, in the uncertain gleam of the dark lantern, judge of his size at all.

Afterward, as he lay in Mr. Gray's house, and in the days of a recovery that seemed very tedious though really it was brief thought over all this adventure, he remembered the peculiar scar on the hand of the man who had gagged him; but though he became very sure in the reiterated recollection that he had seen that marked hand before, he could not tell to whom it belonged.

After a few weeks he resumed his place in the bank. The window of the room where he slept had been fortified with iron sash and shutters and a burglar-proof fastening, the warning spring removed to the floor by his bedside, and a strong leather case fastened to the side of his bed where the pistol would be hidden by the bedspread, yet within reach of his hand. Yet for all this, Manice's heart ached as only a mother's heart can, when she left him to go back to Danvers. She had learned for long years to carry her trouble and anxiety to the place of prayer; but natural tears dimmed her soft eyes as she looked at her boy, still pale from his wound, though almost entirely well.

Still she could only leave him where we must all leave our dearest, in the hands of God. Our hands are so weak, our scope so tiny, our very wishes so short-sighted that even if we could be always with our loved ones we could not always shield and guard them; the only strong help, the only certain safety, is in believing and earnest prayer, and in this recalled consciousness Manice went away from her boy with a smile that lit up her unfallen tears with the very brightness of the sky above.

It was at noon that her train left, and as Jack turned to leave the station he passed an apple-stall just outside the door. A tall young fellow, whose back was turned to him, stretched out his hand to select an apple from the tray—a hand scarred with a glistening white scar from thumb to wrist. Jack's heart gave a great throb. The young man turned, and Jack beheld a face he knew too well.

[*To be continued.*]

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY MISS S. A. WILSON.

A NEWSPAPER is called a mirror of the surrounding community. One of the best ways of realizing the changes brought by sixty years is to look into an old newspaper. The first number of the "Sandusky Clarion," the first paper printed on the Firelands of northern Ohio, is dated April 24, 1822. The latest news it contains from Washington is of March 29, and from Boston of March 21. News almost a month old from Washington, and more than a month old from Boston! The country was not then bound in a net-work of telegraph wires. Neither London nor New York is even mentioned. Imagine a paper of to-day with no news from the two great centers of the English-speaking world. The last page has a heading of its own, "The Parterre," with this notice, copied verbatim, "Under the title of the Parterre, the effusions of the muses—those distinguished for wit—their sublimity; or for their tendency to inculcate lessons of morality and patriotism; will occasionally be inserted." In one number "The Parterre" contains a long dissertation on the Waverley Novels, which were then coming out anonymously, a delight and a mystery to the reading world. The writer ridicules the "exploded notion" that Scott was the author of "Waverley," saying, "We do not now hear it whispered, in any circle, that the claim formerly set up for Scott was founded even in probability; while in more than one of our public journals Dr. Greenfield is constantly mentioned as the author." It is sixty years since that was written, and it is rather amusing reading at this date. Now the first thought of every one is, But who was Dr. Greenfield?

In one place the editor announces that "most kinds of produce will be received at the market price in payment for the paper." Then follows a list of articles that are wanted at that office, "wheat, rye, corn, oats, beans, hams, eggs, feathers,

tow-cloth, butter, flax, cheese, bees-wax, wool, flannel, apples, cranberries, clean cotton or linen rags, and whisky." Coin was scarce in those days, but one could hardly go amiss in such a comprehensive list. In one number the editor alludes to "that grand enterprise," the Erie Canal, saying, "It will almost have the effect of making Ohio an Atlantic State." One wonders what that editor said on the completion of the Erie Railroad.

As the winter of that year approached there was considerable alarm felt at the great scarcity of salt in the town and the price rose to eleven dollars a barrel. But fortunately, just before navigation on the lake was closed for the winter, two schooners arrived laden with salt.

The enterprise on which newspapers now pride themselves is of modern growth, as witness this item, "Man murdered. A person, whose name we forbear to mention on account of his connections, and his standing in society, has been examined and committed for trial. As nothing but mere circumstantial evidence is brought against him common justice requires that public opinion be suspended." But the germ of the modern reporter was alive in those days, for here is the manner in which the death of an old man in a burning house is told: "In the confusion incident to such scenes of conflagration, the old gentleman was not missed until his spirit had abandoned the frail, weary tabernacle of clay, to mingle its ashes in one common ruin with the tenement of wood."

Startling devices to attract attention to advertisements were also known to the past. Here is an advertisement of more than sixty years ago:

"To pay or not to pay, that is the question:
To meet, to settle:
To settle!—perchance to owe:
Ay, there's the rub—still let us venture.

"All persons to whom the subscriber is so unfortunate as to be indebted are requested to present their demands for settlement, by the 20th of June next; and all those to whom he stands in the relation of creditor are called upon to dissolve that relation, by cash or its equivalent, by the time aforesaid, or:—— or:——.

"Fifty-three of my Law and Miscellaneous Books are lent out. If those who detain them feel themselves obliged by the loan, they cannot be unwilling to oblige me by their immediate return. E. COOKE.

"Sandusky City, May 22, 1822."

This same Eleutheros Cooke was a great man in that region, judging from the many orations he was called upon to pronounce and the frequent occurrence of his name in the paper. But our interest in him arises chiefly from the fact that he was the father of a more famous son, whose reputation is not limited to the Firelands of northern Ohio, the well-known Jay Cooke.

Here is a notice that sounds a little peculiar to our ears. "On Wednesday, the 29th of May, brother Hezekiah Barber was called (by the Baptized Church which is in Milan) and set apart by ordination to the work of the ministry. On the same day and at the same place, brother Stephen Kinney was called and ordained to the office work of Deacon. The day was pleasant, the season pleasing, and the place commodious, in a barn fitted by the church for the purpose."

If we needed any proof that there is "nothing new under the sun," and that our latest sensations are but variations of older forgotten ones, we might find it in a letter from Milan, O., dated May 3, 1822. The writer states that a short distance from Milan, on the edge of the Huron River, is a place where there is a "constant current of inflammable gas." In certain stages of the water there "is a constant bubbling from a number of places; these bubbles, when touched with a lighted candle or torch, burn with a beautiful, clear, and brilliant blaze. There is gas enough issues from this place to light ten houses." You notice that he says "candle or torch," instead of "match," and you doubtless know the reason why.

The death notices of the "Clarion" are headed "Knell," and the marriages "Nuptial." Under the latter heading in one number is the following, copied from a Vermont paper: "Married in Randolph on the 10th inst. by Mr. Balis Esq Elcanah Dean Son of james L dean of Bethel to Miss Naoma goulet Daughter of the grate noted indian doctor woman of the former place after a most Serious and distressing courtship of about two Months day and Knight." In the next week's issue of the paper the "Nuptial" announces that a couple were married "after a short and agreeable courtship."

In the second year's file of the "Clarion" one copy contains the following extract from the Zanesville "Messenger," of January 13, 1824: "Last Saturday night our town was alarmed by several reports of cannon, and it was not long before the cry of 'steamboat!' resounded through our streets with hideous yell. After the crowd had waited for some time on the banks of the river with eyes and ears full of imagination, the steamboat *Rufus Putnam* hove in view, vomiting forth fire and smoke, to the great consternation of many of the wondering multitude. Great joy was manifested at the appearance of the first steamboat that has ever visited this place, by the return of proper salutes from a six-pounder, and the firing scarcely ceased before the approach of the Sabbath."

How difficult it is at this day to realize the excitement caused by the first sight of a steamboat! Now the sight of the largest steamer "vomiting forth fire and smoke" scarcely causes even a six-year-old to turn his head with more than a languid curiosity; so true is it that the marvels of one generation become the common-places of the next.

CHIMES.

FAR above the fern and moss,
Fluttering birch and wee fir cross,
And the pine's low murmuring,
Where the frightened lichens cling
To the overhanging edge
Of the precipice and ledge,
Fearless in their dainty glee,
Wave the harebells merrily.

From their dusky rafters rung,
Ne'er in Belgian belfry swung
Bells more exquisitely wrought!
By the mountain breezes caught—
Tossing, swaying to and fro—
While beside them, bending low,
Breathlessly I wait to hear
Echo of their chiming clear.

But the airy harmony
Is too wonderful for me,
And I cannot catch a strain
Of that rare and sweet refrain.
Yet the tiny bells still ring,
And they shall my greeting bring
Till, though ne'er so softly stirred,
Every trembling note is heard.

—*Marion B. Allen, in Cottage Hearth.*

MISSIONARY MICE.

BY ANNA R. HENDERSON.

"WHERE is Susie?" said father, as he sat down to supper.

"Coming," answered little Susie, slipping softly into her place, while mother said,

"I guess Susie has had on her thinking cap to-day. I don't know when I have seen her so sober."

Mother was right. Susie had been thinking the same thing over many times that day. It was much like this:

"I don't know how I'll ever earn any missionary money, and I want to give some that is not given to me. Father and mother are so kind to pay us for so many things, so we can have money of our own, but there seems to be nothing I can do. John has his potato-patch, and Will the currants in the south corner, and Mary washes the dishes. Bennie earns some by driving the cows to and from pasture, and little Kit has to have the paper-rag money, for she is too little to work, and there seems to be nothing left for me since Dr. Lane said it would hurt my back to take care of baby."

"No butter for supper?" said father.

"No," answered mother; "a mouse got in the cream-jar. I don't know what to do about the mice; they are so troublesome. They get into every thing; they have been in the closet and cut my shawl, besides mischief every-where else!"

"Get a cat," said John.

"They catch more young chickens than mice," answered mother.

"Poison them," suggested Will.

"No," said father, "I'm afraid to have it around. I'll get some traps if some of you will attend to them."

"Let me do it," said Susie. "Father, all the rest have been earning missionary money, and there has been nothing for me to do. Pay me a little for every mouse, and I'll keep the traps baited."

"I'll do it," said father; "I'll give five cents apiece for rats, and three cents for mice, and it will pay me better than it does you."

"Rat-catcher!" said Bennie, slyly, and when mamma shook her finger Susie said,

"I'll catch 'em if I can."

So the traps were bought and Susie had her work. The rat-traps she set in the barn and corn-crib, the mouse-traps in pantry, cellar, and closet. Every day she made several trips to see them all, and soon her money began to pour in so that father talked of cutting down his price, but Susie would not let him.

Every few days she washed all the traps with hot soap-suds, so they would be neat and clean; then she broiled scraps of bacon and toasted bits of cheese to make tempting bait.

Only six weeks and she had caught twenty-eight mice and thirty-three rats.

Father paid up. What a time she had making the calculation! Three times twenty-eight—eighty-four cents for mice! Five times thirty-three—one dollar and sixty-five cents for rats! Two dollars and forty-nine cents! What a pile! She had to borrow mother's pocket-book to take it to Sunday-school.

O dear, how funny she felt when the teacher read out the names and the amounts given, and told how they all earned their money!

It seemed that every body opened their eyes when Miss Lee read,

"Susie Simms, $2 49. Earned it catching mice and rats."

O, what a laugh! And Susie laughed too, though she felt like crying.

Uncle Jerry could hardly stop laughing, but Susie forgave him, for after Sunday-school he came and said,

"Susie, don't you want to take the contract at my house? The rats are about to take the place, and we have no youngsters to tend the traps, and your Aunt Lucy is so busy, and I am so lame, I believe it would pay me to pay you to clean them out for us."

"I'll do it," said Susie; "I know mother will let me, and I'm going to tell all the boys and girls to make the mice and rats help the missionaries."

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit, of the mind.—*Addison.*

THE proud man hath no God; the envious man hath no neighbor; the angry man hath not himself. What good, then, in being a man, if one has neither himself nor a neighbor nor God?—*Bishop Hall.*

TWO FAMOUS ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

BY HENRY F. REDDALL.

I. Rugby.

To be a "public-school boy" in England means something totally different from the idea conveyed by the same phrase in our own country. There "board schools" provide an education for the children of the masses, and correspond to our system of public schools. For those youngsters whose parents prefer them and are able to afford the expense, there are numberless private boarding-schools of all grades of excellence and of none at all, as is the case in the United States. But in England the term "public school" refers exclusively to eight richly endowed and very ancient seminaries for boys which have no counterpart either in our own land or on the Continent of Europe. All of these schools have been for centuries the nurseries of Englishmen, the fame and prowess of many of whom have astonished the world. Nearly every man of note, in war and in peace, in the Church and in the forum, at the bar and in the field of letters, began his career at some one of these schools. Theirs are the scenes amid which England's greatest men fought their mimic battles; their annals are replete with stories of thrilling interest to the boys and girls of the English-speaking race every-where; and the great public schools are as much a part of the nation's life as the twin universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to which they are the stepping-stones.

Some of these schools, while affording free shelter, subsistence, and a classical education to certain beneficiaries, are attended by a far larger number of boys who pay handsomely for the instruction received, as in the case of the "oppidans" of Eton College, who, as the name implies, live in the town while pursuing their studies at the school. To this class belong Rugby, Harrow, Eton, Marlborough, and Winchester Schools. On the other hand, Charterhouse and Christ's Hospital (the "Blue-coat School") are purely benevolent institutions, whereat the tuition furnished is equal to that of any of the sisterhood of schools, though the benefits bestowed are by no means regarded as charitable. They are supported by ancient endowments from the crown, or from wealthy citizens, or by incomes derived from rents and other investments.*

Seeing that reference has been made to the extreme antiquity of the public schools, it may not be amiss to give the precise date of the founding and the name of the founder of each: Winchester, the oldest, was established by William of Wykeham in 1382; Eton by William Waynflete, under the patronage of Henry Sixth, in 1440; Marlborough by Edward Sixth in 1552; Christ's Hospital (the far-famed "Blue-coat School") also by Edward Sixth in 1553; Westminster by Queen Elizabeth in 1560; Rugby by Lawrence Sheriff, a London merchant, in 1567; Harrow by John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman, in 1571; and the Charterhouse by Thomas Sutton, another of London's generous citizens, in 1611. So that Winchester, the oldest, boasts a hoary age of over five centuries; while the youngest of the family of eight, the Charterhouse School, is nearly three centuries old, having been established during Shakespeare's time, shortly after the accession of the first Stuart king of England, and more than ten years before the founding of Plymouth Colony in Massachusetts.

Thus far by way of preface. Although the story of each of these public schools is rich in reminiscence and crowded with stories of the boyhood of noted Englishmen of all ranks, yet I am now to write of only two of the sisterhood, though these two are probably the most widely known to fame—Rugby School and Eton College.

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*There are several smaller schools, as St. Paul's School, London, Radley College, Magdalen School, Oxford, the King's School, Cambridge, the Coventry Free School, Edward the Sixth's School, Birmingham, founded in 1552, Chester School, and Shrewsbury Grammar School, one year older than Birmingham School, but these are not generally classed among the great public foundations.

The mention of Rugby instantly brings to mind two revered names—Thomas Arnold, D.D., "Arnold of Rugby," as he is called, for fourteen years the head-master of the school, whose noble, manly influence molded the lives of so many English lads, and Thomas Hughes, M.P., himself an old Rugbeian, the founder of New Rugby, Tennessee, and to whom English-speaking boyhood every-where is indebted for that inimitable portraiture of school life under the Rugby roof-tree, "Tom Brown's School-Days," which deserves to be read by every lad and placed among such juvenile classics as "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Don Quixote."

The town of Rugby is in Warwickshire, on the river Avon —Shakespeare's Avon—about eighty miles in a north-westerly direction from London, and at the junction of several important railway lines. Some years ago Dickens gave humorous prominence to the place in one of his Christmas stories, under the title "Mugby Junction," in which the discomforts and oddities of the station and its crowds are sketched with a master hand. But the school is removed from all the bustle of the town. The surrounding country is dotted with pretty hamlets, embowered in trees or set in green fields cropped by flocks of sheep, and diversified with broad parks studded with wide-spreading oaks and stately manorial residences.

Leaving behind us the roar and rattle of the "junction," we set out through the narrow but cleanly and queerly paved streets of the old town. There seems to be little trade apart from the railway traffic and the supply of the school. Book-stores abound, in the windows of which are exposed for sale photographs of the school, of the beautiful chapel, quadrangle, and cloisters, and of favorite masters, as well as the latest number of the newspaper edited and conducted by the scholars.

At length, after a rather hilly walk, the school gates come in sight at the end of the street; the great oriel window winking and blinking at us through its many tiny panes, while grouped around stand some of the boys looking, as Tom Brown thought, "as if the whole town belonged to them." But they are a cheery-faced and pleasant-voiced lot of fellows, and under the guidance of one of them we are conducted across the quadrangle and into the great dining-hall, whose walls are garnished with tablets to the memory of those Rugby boys who won the highest honors of the school, and who afterward achieved fame and honor in the busy world beyond. Among them are the names of Thomas Hughes himself, of Matthew Arnold, son of the good doctor, of Samuel Butler, the classicist, of Dean Stanley, Earl Derby, Walter Savage Landor, and a score of others equally eminent. Here we are introduced to one of the tutors, by whom we are courteously guided through the historic pile. First into the recitation rooms, with bare floors and walls, and having only hard wooden "forms" and desks, bearing many scars inflicted by the ruthless pocket-knives of generations of boys, and with great, yawning, cavernous fireplaces at either end. Then into the "studies"—the private rooms of the scholars—such as Tom Brown became the delighted possessor of, the description of which is as true to the life in our day as in his:

"It wasn't very large, certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It couldn't be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window, which little precautions were necessary in the studies on the ground-floor, looking out into the close, to prevent the exit of small boys after locking up, and the entrance of contraband articles. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought. The space under the window at the farther end was occupied by a square table, covered with a reasonably clean and whole red-and-blue-check table-cloth; a hard-seated sofa, covered with red stuff, occupied one side, running up to the end, and making a seat for one, or, by sitting close, for two, at the table; and a good, stout wooden chair afforded a seat to another boy, so that three could sit and work together. The walls were wainscoted half-way up, the wainscot being covered with green baize, the remainder with a bright-patterned paper.

"Over the door was a row of hat-pegs, and on each side book-cases with cupboards at the bottom; shelves and cupboards being filled indiscriminately with school-books, a cup or two, a mouse-trap, and brass candlesticks, leather straps, a fustian bag, and some curious-looking articles which puzzled Tom not a little, until his friend explained that they were climbing-irons, and showed their use. A cricket-bat and small fishing-rod stood up in one corner."

Then to the chapel, where we see the "oaken pulpit, standing out by itself above the school seats;" and though the deserted chamber echoes only our own footsteps and our own hushed voices, we can in imagination see the noble form of Arnold the Good, and in fancy listen to his voice, "now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of a light infantry bugle, as he stood there, Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose Spirit he was filled, and in whose name he spoke." Fitting is it that his ashes should repose beneath the altar of the chapel within whose walls some of his best work was done, and that his desk and chair should be treasured as relics of great price.

Next out-of-doors again, to the foot-ball and the cricket fields, where matches are in progress; to the Fives Courts, and round the great playground, all alive with white-trousered and short-jacketed boys, from the child of eight years to the youth of nineteen or twenty.

Now let us peep at the home life of the great school family. For the benefit of those who have not read "Tom Brown," I may say that the school is divided into various "houses," one of which a boy enters when he joins the school, precisely as, on going up to the universities of Oxford or Cambridge, he enters some particular "college." Rugby has eight of these "houses," and each is under the care of its own house-master, who receives the appointed fees, provides for the table and other household expenses, and assumes the profit or the loss—generally the former, and a handsome one at that. Superior to all the house-masters is the head-master. A house-master's salary—or profit—will range from one thousand to six thousand dollars a year, while the income of the head-master, derived from fees and other revenues, is at Rugby about fifteen thousand dollars a year. But in addition to the rule of the head-master (the power felt, but not seen), and that of the house-master, each "house" is ruled by two Fifth or Sixth Form boys, who are largely responsible for its order at all times, who settle petty disputes between the boys, and who are supposed to see to it that no bullying, or sneaking, or viciousness goes unpunished. Upon the character of these monitors largely depends the house for its good or bad order.

Every pupil now has his own room for purposes of study. There are dormitories in which all sleep, and sitting-rooms where they gather for social purposes; but each boy has his own six-by-four sanctum in which, when he "sports his oak" —that is, shuts his door—no one may disturb him. This is an unwritten law, but none the less sacredly kept.

From the moment of his entrance at Rugby and his taking up with a certain "house," the boy begins to shift for himself. His house gives him a simple breakfast of tea and bread and butter; any thing else he desires, such as eggs, water-cresses, marmalade, potted meats or game, he provides for himself out of his allowance of spending money from home. The boys all eat together. Dinner is provided by the "house," and consists of roast beef or mutton, one vegetable, bread *ad libitum*, beer, and a simple dessert. A plentiful tea is furnished at six o'clock, and the day may be topped off with a hearty supper of bread and cheese, cold meat, and beer, before going to bed, according to the English custom. The boys sleep together in dormitories holding from twenty to thirty boys, the various sleeping-rooms being presided over by a Sixth Form boy, called a præpostor. The entire school is divided into classes, or "forms," according to scholarship and irrespective of "houses." The Sixth Form—the highest—are allowed to breakfast in their

own rooms, and are also privileged in another important respect. The mention of this brings us to a feature peculiar to the English public schools.

Such services as polishing shoes, running errands, brushing clothes, shopping, "foraging" for meals, making tea and toast, serving at fives, and bowling at practice games of cricket, and the like, are performed for the Sixth Form boy by a little fellow in one of the three lowest forms. This is "fagging." The "fag" may be and often is the scion of a peer, while the senior may be the son of a butcher—it makes no difference; the customs of the school efface all social distinctions, and the fag learns to take it as a matter of course. It is useless to rebel against this time-honored usage, as the experience of the poet Shelley shows. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Eton, and indignantly refused to fag for any one. This drew down on him the anger and indignation of the other boys, and his life became a burden. "His painful experiences at this period," says one of his biographers, "contributed much, no doubt, to the development of that intense hatred of established wrong which afterward became the ruling passion of his life." True enough, says the Old Boy, "the general system was rough and hard, and there was bullying in nooks and corners, but it never got farther, or dared show itself openly, stalking about the passages and halls and bedrooms, and making the life of the small boys a continual fear."

But there is for the fag this cold comfort—every boy has been a fag at some time in his school career. Sometimes the fag's duties are merely nominal; in other cases he will serve an exacting master, and will have to bolt his meals in order to attend to the wants of some young autocrat and get up his own lessons. Then, of course, there must be more or less bullying under such a system, and that gross tyranny which strong and lusty boys are often too prone to exercise over weaker ones; but despite these evils it is doubtful if the custom of fagging is really harmful. It is certainly of benefit in that it is the universal leveler of public-school life.

Very often, too, the fag's patron becomes a sort of protector against the petty meannesses of other boys, and there are instances on record of close life-friendships born of this early relation of fag and the one fagged for.

One result of this kind of school training must, I fancy, be clear. The boy at the public school is pitched on his feet among his fellows—"like a young bear with all his troubles before him"—to stand or fall among them on his own merits of mental or bodily prowess; and while the ordeal is doubtless a trying one to the weak or the foolish, yet the sense of personal responsibility induced, which Dr. Arnold was so fond of inculcating, must in most cases make a boy high-spirited and manly.

The sports most in vogue at Rugby are foot-ball, cricket, and fives—the last a species of hand-ball. The river is not adapted for rowing, but there are good swimming-grounds, though none but swimmers are allowed to bathe except under the care of an usher. The fives court is a building with solid walls, and the game is played with a hard wooden ball. On one side of the playground are a number of courts similar to those at Oxford University, where the game is played against the buttressed walls, so that the Rugbeian can play this spirited game under the same conditions as obtain at Oxford.

We have seen how the Rugby boys eat, and sleep, and play, but they also have to work. The number of scholars is about five hundred, and though nearly all the public schools were affected by the Public Schools Act of 1868, Rugby among the rest, and marked changes—mostly for the better—were made in the studies pursued and in the mode of teaching, yet the Rugby of to-day is not essentially different from the Rugby of fifty years ago.

Latin and Greek, as in all these schools, are the principal studies, boys from nine to fifteen reading Horace, Livy, and Virgil, and Homer and Euripides, in the original, translating, construing, and parsing. To these are added history, grammar, and mathematics in the higher forms. Monthly the head-master visits each form to examine the boys on the work of the month, and hear the report of the master. On these occasions the boys are called on at hap-hazard to stand up before the class and construe a passage of Greek or Latin as the case may be. The ordeal is not a serious one to a reasonably bright boy; but it is dreaded by the drones and the careless ones, while the flustered ones call down the wrath of the Doctor and the ridicule of the form by such renderings as *Triste lupus*, "the sorrowful wolf," or *Lex talionis*, "the lion's claws."

The fact is that English boys are sent to a public school, not so much for the mental training offered—though that is ample if all the advantages are embraced—as to gain self-reliance and a foothold on the ladder of fame, as well as that social prestige which attends a public-school career. There are scores of instances where the foundations of a successful life were laid in a public school and in the friendships and connections there formed.

Rugby School, while open to all boys of good antecedents choosing to enter who can pay the necessary fees, is peculiarly favored by the country-squire class and the smaller landed gentry of England. If not so famous, so costly, or so richly endowed as Eton or Harrow, its educational advantages are quite as great; and while the Rugbeian may not rub shoulders every day in the week with the son of my Lord This or Sir Somebody Else, yet he will find himself among youngsters in whose veins runs some of the best and sturdiest blood in England, and from whose ranks will be recruited the men who are to make the history of their country in the not far-off future.

OUR NATIONAL FORTUNE.

Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn, has collected a number of interesting statistics in regard to our national wealth. They are pleasant reading for us boastful Americans, however poor we may be individually:

The total wealth of our country, now the richest in the world, is reported at $43,500,000,000, in a population of 50,000,000, with a total of 17,500,000 producers. An enormous sum in the aggregate, representing, however, the accumulations of 250 years, much of it in land, buildings, and machinery. An equal division would give to each man, woman, and child a capital of only $870, much of it relatively worthless to the individual owner, or of $2,500 to each producer. The latter sum represents the limit of average wealth attainable. There is no more to be had. The same result is emphasized by analyzing the annual production. The most careful estimates place this at $10,000,000,000 annually. From this must be deducted $700,000,000 paid in taxes, $1,300,000,000 to make good the annual wear and tear of the means of production, leaving $8,000,000,000 to be divided among 50,000,000 consumers, without allowing any thing for interest on invested capital or for its increase. Allowing 5 per cent. for these, the net production is reduced to $5,725,000,000. Throwing capital out of the account there is only $160 a year for each inhabitant, or of $115 if capital is entitled to a dividend—an average of from 31 to 44 cents a day. Forty cents a day must suffice, on the average, to feed, clothe, and shelter the people of this country. Or, dividing the annual production among the actual workers, the average income will be between $327 and $475 a year. Three hundred and fifty dollars a year must buy bread, raiment, pay house rent, and provide a margin for saving in every family of three persons. Two dollars a day is far above the average income that the productive energy of the country can pay. He who secures it belongs to the privileged classes, with many, perhaps, above him, but with many more below him; and every man belongs to the bloated plutocracy, against whom socialism urges its crusade, who owns $2,500 worth of property, or who receives more than $400 a year for his work.

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

Here are two wonderful manifestations of the motherly instinct which is strong in the female nature. The first story concerns a little Vermont girl of our acquaintance. Her father kept pigs, in which she took the greatest interest; and on one occasion when the old hog had been killed little Hattie was heard comforting in her tenderest tones the orphaned porkers, and promising that she "would try to be a mother to them."

Another less touching example of woman's loving nature is the following from the "Boston Journal:"

Mrs. Mulligan—"And so you have no mother, now?"

Motherless boy—"No, mum."

Mrs. Mulligan—"Well, me boy, whenever you feel the want of a good licking come to me and I'll be a mother to you."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

IN a certain large and ambitious-looking house, situated in the center of ample grounds, one may find rich and expensive carpets, stately furniture, latest style of chandeliers that hang from frescoed ceilings, curtains of lace and silk, stained glass, tiles, brackets, statuettes, paintings, and bric-a-brac without limit. Ivory and ebony, bronze and silver, crystal and gold, in diverse forms and locations, give contrasts and splendors which attract if they do not always after a second look charm the eye and satisfy the taste. Elaborately decorated shades over Argand lamps, polished paper-cutters on polished tables of florentine mosaic, and books showy with extravagant bindings allure and astonish the beholder. Libraries with brilliant uniformity line the walls, and colossal half-opened portfolios reveal a mass of closely packed pictures—engravings, photographs, and water-colors, which only men with money can afford to purchase and hide. Ah, thou wizard "Wealth," what chances sleep in coupons!

THIS is the home of a rich man. He built it. He paid for it. He occupies it. He has a right to its largeness and luxury. He made money—never mind whether it was by slow process or by sudden stroke. He made money, and he spent a portion of it in a house. He hired architect and builder. He paid out of his bonds for their thought and muscle. He hired house-finisher, and dressed the walls and floors from kitchen to cupola. He gave orders to the book-dealer, and the authors of all the ages in court dress obey the summons of the bank-draft, and are now "at rest" for years—embalmed and gilded. Beyond this point money cannot go with books.

THE house is a splendid show. It was a good way to use money. It helped workmen and their families. It promoted commerce and trade. It improves the town. It is ornamental. It increases the value of real estate, and incites other rich men to rival it, or to build better than they would have done but for this example. People visit it—as they go to a museum, or picture gallery, or superior restaurant, or to a great reception—to see and to be seen, to feast and have fun, and to fancy themselves in the world and an important part of it. Old friends and neighbors go through the house and praise it, and congratulate the fortunate occupants. People go there to "tea" or to "parties" who never cared to visit the proprietor and his family while they lived in the smaller house. "It is different now, you know." A better house brings "a better class" to see you. The poor folks of the town look up to the "place" and the occupants, and wish they "could live in a house like that." Travelers see it from the railway, and somebody on board the train is likely to know whose house it is, and how the owner got rich, and what kind of a fellow he is.

THE family lives very comfortably in the new house, and, except when they have company, in very much the old way. They use old dishes; the new and costly ones might get broken. They keep up the simple and democratic way of eating and talking—knife in mouth, coffee in saucer, grammar in rags, manners in napkin, and napkins in—linen-closet. They sweep and dust as of yore. "It is more work now." But they keep things clean and bright, and "get awfully tired by night;" therefore they go to bed early. They read the weekly town or county paper or the daily. It may have some allusion to the "best people" of the town and the "parties" past and prospective. But beyond that they read—nothing. Homer is in the library, "done up" (like Athena of the Acropolis) in ivory and gold. And George Eliot is there, and Lowell also. But who on earth are Homer, and Eliot, and Lowell? Plato is there, but no one knows Plato in this garden of modern luxury. Silent prophets, dumb singers, dead preachers, are all these glorious sons and daughters of genius. Wealth has shelved them in this gorgeous mausoleum.

THE etchings and sketches, photographs, engravings, and mythological figures that cling to the frescoed ceilings are as little known as knowing in this new and "palatial residence." There is the piano, but no music. The "Century" may find welcome on the center-table, but neither the pearl blade nor the plain housewife goes between the pages. No art amidst this wealth of art; no reading in the world of books; no thinking, although all the thinkers of the two hemispheres are there. But "they do fry oysters to perfection," and "such charming charlotte russe!" Certainly, people living in the midst of all this world's success are to be congratulated and envied; and they can afford to look down on their neighbors and pity them and their poverty and patronize them.

THERE is one little house on which they do look down. It is a house in the village on the street, with small front yard, a low building, a long building—a very old and a very small house—of wood, with no furnace under it, and no water and gas through it. It is a house without the modern conveniences, and old-fashioned in every particular—a house full of ancient inconveniences. But somehow it is a very attractive house. So many people go there—"nice people"—indeed, the "best people." They go to the "place" on the hill rarely and reluctantly. They come here often and eagerly—judges and scholars, ministers and people of note, who prize knowledge. It is a real center of social life, and the girls do their own work too, and can fry oysters and make charlotte russe, and "lovely biscuits," ten different salads and several other palatable dishes. It is a rare house—this cottage under the hill, and on the street, without acres, with low ceilings, and small, steep steps in the narrow hall like shelves in the show-cases of a geological museum. Let us go in, for we are sure of a welcome. In fact every body is welcome here, for the people who live in "College Cottage" are people who get something from every body, and give something to every body, and thus a unique "social and literary exchange" is established. Next week we shall tell you more about "College Cottage."

WERE you building a monument to remain for the ages, how majestic and substantial would be its construction! How much more august and solemn is life!—*Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs.*

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for October 10, 1886. JESUS BEFORE PILATE.—John 18. 28–40.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 18. 38.

PREPATORY. Great events are brought together into close proximity, as among the Alps lofty mountains stand side by side. One looks from height to height, from sublimity to sublimity. And between these altitudes are deep, dark valleys.

INTERROGATORY. Who was Caiaphas? Why was Jesus first taken to him? Why taken to Pilate? What evidence of bigotry the most intense and of gross inconsistency in verse 28? To whom was Pilate's first question addressed? Give the conversation between Jesus and Pilate. In what sense was Jesus a king? Is he *your* king? In what tone did Pilate ask the question, "What is truth?" (Try to speak it in the spirit that you think he did.) What proof of utter depravity and blindness in verse 40?

HOMILY. From the immediate presence of his Father in the garden of Gethsemane, where absolute integrity faced absolute purity, where love unflinching and unfailing bore the burden of human guilt, where though the flesh trembled the spirit was firm, the great Captain of our salvation comes into the presence of Caiaphas and then of Pilate, the Roman governor, in the judgment hall. It was now very early in the morning. What a night he had spent! Untold sorrow because of immeasurable sinfulness not his own. Utter weariness and exhaustion through prolonged sleeplessness! The disciples misunderstood him; the Romans were indifferent to him; the Jews hated him; invisible spirits assailed him. Verily, here was the test of his character. The Roman governor, who had no sympathy with him or the nation he represented, was to try him. The Jews, over-scrupulous about unimportant matters, could not enter the judgment hall lest they should be defiled, but could thrust into it a spotless teacher, a Messiah, driving him to his death.

Pilate was compelled to acknowledge that there was no fault in the man. His bearing was dignified, the charges against him undefined, and the malice of his persecutors obvious. Further investigation only corroborated his first conclusion. The conversation which he had with Jesus (verses 33–38) brought out still more clearly the wisdom, the serenity, the divinity of the prisoner. The Jews had pretended that Jesus claimed to be a king, and supposed that this claim would array against him the full power of the Roman government as represented by Pilate. But there seemed no ground for the charge. And when Pilate asked him plainly the question: "Art thou the king of the Jews?" Jesus showed at once how thoroughly he understood the motive of the question and its instigators. The matchless answer of Jesus (in verses 36, 37) concerning his kingdom, his servants, and the truth to which he came to give testimony, deserves to be committed to memory. Jesus was king, and was to have a kingdom. His kingdom is not of this world. It is not derived from human genealogies. Nor is it dependent on great armies. It is a kingdom without earthly crown or human scepter, a kingdom that shall endure when palaces and thrones have crumbled into dust. This kingdom is a kingdom invisible. You and I are members of it when we yield our hearts' love in obedient service to Him. We are loyal members of his kingdom when we care for truth more than wealth, for truth more than the praises of men, for truth more than gain of gold and earthly comfort. It is a kingdom to which saints and martyrs and all heroes of all ages have belonged, the kingdom that extends into eternity; that is represented in the New Jerusalem that shall come down from God out of heaven; that shall endure through all the ages that are to come; a kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy. Are we members of this kingdom?

PRAYER. O King of Truth, teach us thy truth. Give us the Spirit of truth, the love of truth, loyalty to truth, and may we be "of the truth," and hear Thy voice. Amen.

A NOBLE DEED.

THE life of the Rev. William Marsh is replete with incidents which show the great-hearted spirit of the man. The following anecdote throws light upon a phase of his character which is too rarely found:

Self-interest appeared to have had no place in his heart; so that the divine rule, "Look not every man upon his own things, but every man also on the things of others," was carried out by him to a rare extent. On one occasion, during a commercial crisis in the country, a panic occurred on a market day in Colchester which seemed likely to prove ruinous to a highly respectable banking house in the town. The farmers and many other depositors, who had assembled for the market, rushed to draw out their money, and the run on the bank was great.

At this juncture one of the clerks ran across the street to confide the news to one who, by his readiness to sacrifice himself for the temporal as well as for the spiritual interests of his fellow-townsmen, had earned the title of "The Friend of Colchester.' It so happened that a large sum of money subscribed for charity was in the house. Mr. Marsh was silent a moment and then drew a check for the amount on his London banker, and sent it at once to one of the church wardens, thus rendering the cash his own. Without another moment's delay, putting the gold into one bag and the silver into another, he walked across the crowded street to the bank, holding up the bags for the people to see, and saying:

"My friends, here I am, going to put my money in the bank."

They exclaimed, in much excitement, "O, sir, don't put it there! The bank is just breaking."

"I am not at all afraid," was the cheerful reply. "I shall find it all right when I want it," and so he carried his money into the bank.

The crowd fell back from the door-way. Courage and kindness had done their work. Only a few of the depositors stole slowly in and demanded payment.

"Here is your money," said the clergyman, as he stood by the counter handing the gold from his bag.

"No, not that, sir; that's yours, sir."

"Yes, but you may have it. I shall be repaid in good time."

Touched and taking heart, one by one they went away. Mr. Marsh remained until the closing hour. Confidence was restored, and the bank was saved.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE "Story of Tanis" in "Harper's Magazine" for October has surpassing interest. It is no work of fiction, but is a record of recent discoveries in Tanis, a ruined city of Lower Egypt.

TANIS was the capital of Egypt in the days of the exodus. Thither came Moses and Aaron beseeching Pharaoh "to let the people go," and calling down upon the stiff-necked monarch the awful plagues.

RAMESES II., the Pharaoh who oppressed the Hebrews, was the author of the magnificence of Tanis. He filled his capital with memorials of himself. His name and exploits were engraved on every gate and pillar, his statue stood in every shrine, and above the city towered a colossal figure of himself of hewn granite, ninety feet in height, and weighing nine hundred tons.

THIS colossus was worthy of comparison with Bartholdi's "Liberty," which, now nearly finished, overtops the masts and chimneys of New York. Will the end of our statue be as ignoble as that of its Egyptian brother? The colossus of Tanis disappeared utterly. No record was preserved of its downfall; no trace could be found of its massive fragments. In 1884 an English explorer, Petrie, discovered its fate. The memorial of the great king had been the stone-quarry of his successors, and the granite which was once hewn into the semblance of the conqueror had been broken into blocks to build a gate-way. What is more sad than a memorial forgotten?

STRANGELY enough the body of Rameses has outlasted its grandest monument. In the Egyptian museum at Boulak is to be seen the mummy of this haughty king, the features only a few months ago revealed to the light which had not shone upon them for thirty centuries.

THESE explorations, which have been so brilliantly successful, should go on. The universal testimony of the discoveries which have been made is that the old Bible records are true to the letter. The Book stands the stronger and the more marvelous in the light which streams upon it from the opened tombs and deciphered records of old Egypt.

AMONG the stories which have been set afloat to account for Mr. Gladstone's motive in placing himself at the head of the movement for a reform in the Irish government, is the statement that the great Liberal had become a Roman Catholic. It was stated that a personal declaration of his conversion would be made public within a few months.

THE expectations of those who looked for such a declaration were quieted by a letter from Mr. Gladstone, who, in a published letter, brands the statement with the proper mark. This dispatch was printed in the American newspapers of Sept. 22:

"LONDON, Sept. 21.—Mr. Gladstone publishes a letter again denying the persistently repeated report that he is about to join the Catholic Church. He says: 'The statement that I intend to become a Roman Catholic is a revival of a miserable falsehood, reproduced from time to time without a shadow of evidence for basis, and is unworthy of notice until it assumes a character very different from a merely calumnious invention.'"

O THOU, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain;
Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free;
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee.—*Whittier.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

Wesley—Apostleship.*

He rejoiced with justifiable pride in the liberal terms of communion in his societies. "One circumstance more," he says, "is quite peculiar to the people called Methodists; that is, the terms upon which any persons may be admitted into their society. They do not impose, in order to their admission, any opinions whatever. Let them hold particular or general redemption, absolute or conditional decrees. . . . They think, and let others think. One condition, and one only, is required—a real desire to save souls. Where this is, it is enough: they desire no more: they lay stress upon nothing else: they ask only, 'Is thy heart herein as my heart? if it be, give me thine hand.' Is there," he adds, "any other society in Great Britain or Ireland that is so remote from bigotry? that is so truly of a catholic spirit? so ready to admit all serious persons without distinction? Where is there such another society in Europe? in the habitable world? I know none. Let any man show it me that can. Till then let no one talk of the bigotry of the Methodists."

This he wrote no less than three years before his death. In these latter years of his life he was continually inculcating such sentiments among his people; he often took occasion in his public assemblies to expound formally this liberality of his cause. When in his eighty-fifth year, preaching in Glasgow, he says:

"I subjoined a short account of Methodism, particularly insisting on the circumstance—there is no other religious society under heaven which requires any thing of men, in order to their admission into it, but a desire to save their souls. Look all around you, you cannot be admitted into the Church or society of the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers, or any others, unless you hold the same opinions with them, and adhere to the same mode of worship. The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion. . . . Now, I do not know any other religious society, either ancient or modern, wherein such liberty of conscience is now allowed, or has been allowed, since the age of the apostles. Here is our glorying, and a glorying peculiar to us. What society shares it with us?"

When eighty-six years old he still repeats the noble boast. "I returned to Redruth," he says, "and applied to the great congregation, 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.' I then met the society, and explained at large the rise and nature of Methodism; and still aver I have never read or heard of, either in ancient or modern history, any other Church which builds on so broad a foundation as the Methodists do, which requires of its members no conformity either in opinions or modes of worship, but barely this one thing, to fear God and work righteousness."

His only restriction on opinions in his societies, was that they should not be obtruded for discussion or wrangling in their devotional meetings; not the creed of a man, but his moral conduct respecting it, was a question of discipline with primitive Methodism. The possible results of such liberality were once discussed in the Conference. Wesley conclusively determined the debate by remarking:

"I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me, than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair; but if he takes his wig off, and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get quit of him as soon as possible."

"Is a man," he writes, "a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession? are not only the main, but the sole inquiries I make in order to his admission into our society." He abhorred controversy, and seldom engaged in it when it was not necessary in self-defense.

"How gladly," he wrote to a friend, alluding to four simultaneous publications against him, "how gladly would I leave all these to themselves and let them say just what they please! as my day is far spent, and my taste for controversy is utterly lost and gone;" and at another time he laments that he "had to spend near ten minutes in controversy" in one of his public assemblies; more than "he had done in public for many months, perhaps years, before."

Wesley was not only in advance of his own age in this and many other respects; he was in advance of ours. Many of his own people would now fear the consequences of such unusual liberality; he committed himself to it in ways that might subject any one of his preachers, in this day, to serious suspicion, if not to greater inconvenience. He abridged and published in his Arminian Magazine, as an example for his people, the Life of Thomas Firmin, a Unitarian, and declared in his preface, that though he had "long settled in his mind that the entertaining of wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety," yet, "as he could not argue against matter-of-fact," "he dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was not a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous." He never hesitated to recognize the moral worth of any man, however branded in history, and however he differed from himself in opinion. He "doubted whether that arch-heretic, Montanus, was not one of the holiest men of the second century." "Yea," he adds, "I would not affirm that the arch-heretic of the fifth century (Pelagius), as plentifully as he has been bespattered for many ages, was not one of the holiest men of that age."

He admired the piety of the best writers of the Latin Church, and made some of their works household books for Methodist families. At a time when the name of Arminius was a synonym of heresy, he not only openly acknowledged his evangelical orthodoxy, but boldly placed the branded name of the great misrepresented theologian on the periodical which he published as the organ of Methodism. It was his extraordinary liberality that made him a problem, if not a heretic, in the estimation of many of his pious contemporaries. His sermon on the "Catholic Spirit" would excite a sensation of surprise, if not of alarm, in many a modern orthodox congregation. Yet what modern theologian has held more tenaciously, or defined more accurately, the doctrines of spiritual Christianity?

Such a mind could be neither weak nor wicked; and it may be doubted whether the deeds or the sentiments of John Wesley show most the genuine supremacy of the man. His double excellence proves his double superiority over his age.

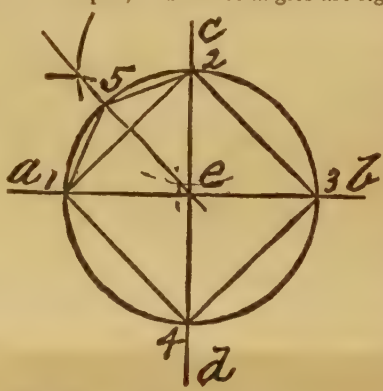
* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

Mechanical Drawing.

Problem V. *To draw a square.*

A square, as you all know, is a four-sided figure whose bounding lines are all equal, and whose angles are right angles.

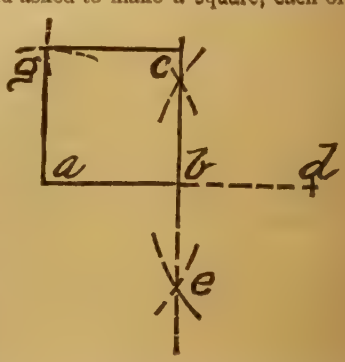


There are several ways of drawing squares. If the object is merely to get a square figure without regard to exact dimensions, the following is the simplest method:

Draw any straight line *a b*, and then by Problem II draw a line *c d* perpendicular to the line *a b* at its middle point *e*. Then putting our pin at *e* we draw a circle, cutting the two lines in the points 1, 2, 3, 4. Now if we join these four points in order by straight lines we shall have a square in a circle. This is an excellent method, unless we are given one side of a square and are asked to complete the figure. In such a case we resort to

A Second Method.

Suppose we are given a line *a b* and asked to make a square, each of whose four sides shall be equal to *a b*. First of all we continue the line *a b* to the point *d*, making *b d* equal *a b*. Now if we draw a line by Problem II perpendicular to *a d* at its middle point, this perpendicular will pass through *b*, the end of our original line *a b*. We measure *c b* equal to *a b*. Thus we have two equal sides and one right angle of our proposed square. How shall we complete it? With *c* as a pivot, and with a distance equal to *a b*, we draw a partial circle near where we know the other corner of the square must be; then with *a* as a pivot, and with the same distance, we draw another circle, cutting the first. The point of intersection, *g*, will be a missing corner, and the lines *a g* and *g c* will complete the square. Now erasing the dotted lines *b d* and *b e*, we have our square conforming to the requirements of the task set us.



An Octagon.

An octagon is a figure having eight equal sides and angles. It is very easy to make one from a square. Let us take figure 1. Suppose we have nothing but the square 1, 2, 3, 4. First we will draw *diagonals*, that is, lines from one corner to the opposite corner. Thus the lines 1 3 and 2 4 are diagonals. These diagonals cut each other at a point *e*, which is equally distant from 1, 2, 3, and 4. Take this point as a pivot, and with a distance equal to *e* 1 or *e* 2, etc., draw a circle which will pass through the four corners of the square. Now we draw a (Problem II) line perpendicular to the middle point of one side, 1 2, of the square. This line cuts the circle at a point 5. Draw lines from 2 to 5, and from 1 to 5. We repeat this same operation for each side of the square, and when the work is complete we have an octagon outside a square, which, together with the circle, may, if desired, be erased, leaving the octagon only. A figure of sixteen sides may be made by dividing each side of the octagon, and the process may be continued until a figure is obtained whose sides are so small as for all practical purposes to coincide with the circle itself.

We give below the remainder of the derivations of State names, a portion of which we printed last week:

Virginia—So called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," in whose reign Sir Walter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonize that region.

North and South Carolina were originally in one tract, called Carolina, after Charles IX. of France, in 1601. Subsequently, in 1665, the name was altered.

Georgia—So called in honor of George II. of England, who established a colony in that region.

Florida—Ponce de Leon, who discovered that portion of North America in 1519, named it Florida, in commemoration of the day he landed there, which was Pasqua de Flores of the Spaniards, or "Feast of Flowers"—otherwise known as Easter Sunday.

Alabama—Formerly a portion of Mississippi Territory, admitted into the Union as a State in 1819. The name is of Indian origin, signifying "Here we rest."

Mississippi—Formerly a portion of the Province of Louisiana. So named in 1800 from the great river on the western line. The term is of Indian origin, meaning the "long river."

Louisiana—From Louis XIV. of France, who from some time prior to 1763 owned the territory.

Arkansas—From "Kansas," the Indian name of "smoky water," with the French prefix arc—bow.

Tennessee—Indian name for "the river of the big bend," that is, the Mississippi, which is its western boundary.

Kentucky—Indian for "at the head of the river."

Ohio—From the Indian, meaning "beautiful," previously applied to the river which traverses a great part of its borders.

Michigan—Previously applied to the lake; the Indian name of a fish-weir. So called from the fancied resemblance of the lake to a fish-trap.

Indiana—So called in 1802 from American Indians.

Illinois—From the Indian "illini," men, and the French suffix "ois," together signifying "tribes of men."

Wisconsin—Indian name for "wild rushing channel."

Missouri—Named in 1820 from the great branch of the Mississippi which flows through it. Indian term meaning "muddy."

Iowa—Indian term meaning "the drowsy ones."

Minnesota—Indian for "cloudy weather."

California—The name given by Cortes, the discoverer of that region. He probably obtained it from an old Spanish romance in which an imaginary island of that name is described as abounding in gold.

Oregon—According to some from the Indian oregon, "River of the West." Others consider it derived from the Spanish "oreganoo," wild marjoram, which grows on the Pacific Coast.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Foot-Ball.

Foot-Ball is one of the oldest games we have. The Romans had a large ball which they struck with the clenched fist, and which seems to be the first approach to the modern foot-ball.

The game has always been popular in England, whence it has found its way into this country.

It is played here almost exclusively by our large colleges and preparatory schools. The principal organization, known as the Intercollegiate Foot-Ball Association, includes teams from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Wesleyan, and the University of Pennsylvania.

This game has been very much misrepresented in the daily press, and people have been prejudiced against it for that reason.

It is not, to be sure, a mild sport. It is, indeed, a rather rough game. It demands muscle, agility, wind, nerve, and pluck. The boy that is afraid of hard knocks and sudden tumbles will not enjoy foot-ball.

That it is a more dangerous game than most others cannot be denied. But when played fairly and by gentlemen it is the most interesting sport we have. See two college teams in the field. Watch one little fellow get the ball, stow it firmly under his arm, and start for the enemy's goal. See how he dodges, ducks, stands almost still, darts off again, always watching for a chance to escape the team opposing him. At last he is cornered, a pair of strong arms enfold him, and he finds himself lying on the ground embracing the precious ball.

Again, the teams stand in long lines, shoulder to shoulder, near one goal. Somewhere in the midst is the ball. Suddenly it rolls back from the "center-rusher." "Quarter-back" seizes it, throws it to the "half-back," who, looking first at the cross-bar on the goal posts, drops the ball to the ground, and as it rises gives it a kick which sends the oval in a beautiful curve over the bar between the posts, and a goal is won.

But a few words of explanation and description as to the playing of foot-ball.

The college game is a modification of the "Rugby Game," which takes its name from the great English school. The "Rugby ball" is oval—an India-rubber "bladder," covered with leather. This style of ball is much more serviceable than the round rubber ball, and it may be kept blown up tighter.

Throwing the ball. There is a knack in throwing the ball, and as throwing is an important feature of the game, it is well for the novice to master this branch first. Lay the ball against the inside of the fore-arm, and grasp the end of the ball with the curved fingers. Now swing the arm back as far as it will go, and swing it forward again swiftly, allowing the ball to roll off the ends of your fingers. This movement will send the ball with great swiftness, and a little practice will enable you to send it to the desired spot with precision. To make a long throw drop the arm a little, and bring it forward with a rising motion, giving a swing with your whole body. To make a short line throw, bring the arm around horizontally.

There are two ways of kicking the ball.

Punting. This is the simplest method, and is done by dropping the ball from the hands and kicking it before it reaches the ground. It is better not to strike the ball with the top of the toe in punting. Let the blow come on the instep. This is not so likely to send the ball wildly to the right or left. Another thing in punting is to be able to make a good punt on the run. Very often, when pursued by an opponent, it is necessary to punt the ball when in full flight.

Drop-Kicking. This is a more delicate operation. All goal must be made from *drop-kicks*, and it is important a team should have at least two accurate drop-kickers.

The drop-kick is made by dropping the ball with the end pointed toward the point aimed at, and just the moment it rises from the ground, by giving it a vigorous kick with the toe. A good drop-kicker can send a ball 150 or 160 feet. Drop-kicking is like shooting. Allowance must be made for wind, and when you remember that in a game, aiming, etc., must often be done in from 3 to 5 seconds, you will realize how much quickness of mind and body the game demands.

Place-Kicking. This is very much like drop-kicking, except that some one holds the ball for the kicker, who may take as much time as he pleases.

Next week we shall describe the field, goals, etc., and give some idea of how the game is played under "Revised Rugby," or intercollegiate rules.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—IX.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

"It looks like another bag-day," said Kate at the next meeting, as she came into the room waving an attractive-looking little pongee affair. "I have a new specimen here, and Kitty there, I am sure, is but waiting her turn to add another variety. What a collection we shall have!"

"Well," replied Kitty, "I must confess to a weakness for bags. You see, they are so easy to make, and so pretty and useful when finished, that I always feel that the work pays."

"The prelude is satisfactory," said Kate. "You are forgiven. Let us now to facts. How did you do it—when and where?"

"Helen Ray is responsible for this one," began Kitty, "for I made it at her house the other afternoon. You need ribbon, two inches wide, of five different colors, each piece one yard long. For mine I chose red, black, old gold, olive, and light blue. Then, leaving seven inches at each end of the strips of ribbon, over-seam the edges together, putting a fancy stitch on the outside if you desire. When you have thus made a solid piece of silk, ten inches wide, double the whole, and sew its edges together. Then make a loop of each end of ribbon that was not sewed and tack the end inside. Run a casing just below the row of loops. Use narrow ribbons for strings, and you have your work-bag all ready to put away in your Christmas-present drawer. That is where mine will go to-night, with a little card within, marked 'Cousin Rose.' Next week I mean to make a similar but larger one which will answer for a party-bag for fan and slippers, and I think I will make my middle stripe of black wider, and adorn it with a monogram for Cousin Carrie."

"Now," said Kate, "it is my turn. My bag, as you see, is just pongee, which remark is what our Trot would call a 'jingly.' Using the width as a measure get a square of pongee. Hem-stitch around it a two-inch hem, and add Oriental or Egyptian lace to the edge. A little distance from the hem draw threads to the width of an eighth of an inch, hem-stitch each side, and run narrow ribbons in and out. Make a circular casing, and use narrow ribbons for strings. You can draw more threads if you like, and use several ribbons for running through, and you can outline a design in each corner of the bag. I saw one that had some cunning little owls as its design, but I had not time to put any thing on mine."

The K. D. S. then adjourned, leaving Katrina's contribution, which was not a bag, until the next meeting.

William Blaikie, the exponent of athleticism, says that among girls running is a lost art. President Seelye, of Amherst College, says that if girls would run every day they would never die of consumption. Here is an incentive for some one to start a girls' running club.—*New York Tribune.*

"What time is it?"
Time to live well;
Time to do better;
To give up that grudge;
To answer that letter;
To speak that kind word to lighten a sorrow,
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Madagascar.

(Area, 228,500 sq. miles; population, 3,500,000; ruler, Queen Ranavalona III.)

MADAGASCAR is the third in size of the islands of the world, being outranked by New Guinea and Borneo. It is nearly three times as large as Great Britain, and its length is such that if the island were situated off the Atlantic coast of the United States it would extend from Boston to Savannah. It lies in the Indian Ocean, and is separated from the south-eastern coast of Africa by the Mozambique Channel, a passage 240 miles wide at the narrowest point. Arab traders from the main-land of Africa are to be found in the coast towns, but the main body of the population is composed of dark-skinned tribes, one of which, the Hova, by reason of its superior intelligence and military skill, has become master of the island. In the south the tribes are still in the main independent and hostile to the Hova government; but throughout the Hova territory there is peace and order. The Hovas have been Christianized and civilized within the last half-century, and now support schools as well as churches. Their troops are armed with rifles and are well disciplined. Negro slavery of a primitive nature still exists.

Silver, copper, iron, coal, and salt have been found on the island, but the simpler pursuits of agriculture and cattle-breeding occupy the people, rice, cotton, sugar, and sweet potatoes being the principal crops. Among the native industries are silk and woolen weaving, the manufacture of mats and cordage from palm-fiber, and metal-working. The exports are cattle, India rubber, hides, horns, coffee, lard, sugar, rice, and vanilla. The trade is chiefly with the neighboring islands, and with Great Britain, France, and the United States. The capital, Tananarivo, or Antananarivo, is said to have a population of 100,000; Tamatave, the chief port, has but 6,000, while Maschunga, another harbor town, has twice as many. French and Italian silver coins form the circulating money of the kingdom.

France has endeavored for many years to establish her authority in Madagascar, but has met with only a partial success. She attempted to enforce by arms her claim to the northern part of the island in 1883, but her soldiers suffered from disease and repulses until France was willing to conclude peace in 1885. The terms have not been clearly explained, but it seems likely that the Hovas will remain rulers of the island, allowing the residence of a French envoy at the capital to direct the scanty foreign relations of the kingdom. Although so near the coast of Africa, the Madagascans, or Malagasy, are of the Malay or brown race, and the language of the greater part of their dominions is the Malay tongue, resembling that which is heard in southern Asia, and among the natives of the great island groups of the South Pacific.

The Spanish Outbreak.

ON the evening of Sunday, September 19, there was a sudden outbreak among the royal Spanish troops quartered at the capital. The mutineers, about three hundred in number, overpowered their officers and, after vainly attempting to persuade other soldiers to join them, marched through the streets of Madrid crying, "Down with the monarchy! Long live Spain and the republic!"

Many civilians joined them, and a slight panic prevailed at the theaters and places of public resort when the tumult and cry of the revolution was heard. The military authorities rallied a strong body of the troops which had remained loyal, and with these drove the insurgents out of the city, pursuing them into the country and eventually capturing them. Thus the revolt was crushed in a few hours with the loss of a few lives.

But little political significance is attached to the uprising, and it is even thought to have been engineered by speculators for the sake of its effect upon the price of Spanish stocks. Only one officer of higher rank than captain was implicated in the affair, but even the petty officers who took part in it have been sentenced to death. The prominent republicans held themselves aloof, and the government is unable to connect them with it.

The republican movement is not new in Spain. On the abdication of the weak king, Amadeus, in 1873, the national assembly established a republic. But its hold upon the affections of the people was so insecure that in the following year the monarchy was successfully restored, with the young Alfonso on the throne. When his party triumphed the republican leaders retired, some, like Ruiz Zorilla, to exile, and others, like Emilio Castelar, the most eloquent man of his nation, to private life. The death of Alfonso, in November, 1885, left the government in the hands of his queen, Christina, as regent for his children. In May the queen gave birth to a son, who, according to the laws of Spain, is the rightful ruler. His mother continues in the regency. Her advisers have been well chosen, and her government has been fairly acceptable to the people.

Defeat of Parnell's Land Bill.

TRUE to his promise, Mr. Gladstone cut short his vacation and returned to London to lend his strength to the supporters of the Parnellite Land Bill. The debate upon its second reading took place Sept. 20 and 21, and on the latter date the vote was taken and the Commons refused by a vote of 297 to 202 to consider the bill further. The majority was made up of Tories and a large section of the Liberal seceders. The minority comprised the full Parnellite strength together with over 100 Liberals and a few of the seceders.

Mr. Parnell opened the debate which preceded the defeat of his proposition. He stated that the measure was intended to furnish temporary relief to the Irish tenantry, whose rent, as determined several years ago by the land courts, was now excessive, the prices of produce having declined enormously since the valuation. He therefore proposed that the tenant should pay one half the rent into the hands of the court and be safe from eviction until the court should decide whether he could afford to pay more. He urged the necessity of this measure on the ground that the rents would fall due in November, before the government could take any action in the matter, and the consequent expulsion of many families in cold weather would cause great and needless suffering.

A Tory member replied that it was too late in the session for the government to attempt to carry any legislation, and furthermore, the state of farming in Ireland showed no necessity for the bill. Mr. Gladstone followed. He held that the government had recognized the need of relief by appointing a commission to investigate the subject and report at the next session. This meant delay and consequent distress. Yet the government opposed this bill which sought only to ward off the troubles of the near future. The government, therefore, was both illogical and unjust.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach for the government assured the House that prices were rising, and that evictions were becoming infrequent. The action of the government in appointing a commission to consider the condition of the Irish farmers was all that the occasion required, while the adoption of Mr. Parnell's bill would do gross injustice to the landlords.

Parliament has now adjourned, to reassemble probably in February, 1887. Notwithstanding all the political agitation of the year, the two general elections, and the change of administration, there has been no actual legislation on the Irish Question. Mr. Gladstone brought in a bill to buy out the Irish landlords. This the House refused to consider. He also supported a measure establishing an Irish Parliament at Dublin. This, too, was defeated. Now Mr. Parnell has endeavored to afford temporary relief to his countrymen, and has failed. Yet the Irish cause, which a year ago was represented in Parliament by a weak faction, has now the aid of the majority of one of the great English parties, led by the most influential statesmen of his generation. The Irish have, therefore, no need to deplore the events of the year.

A Brief Survey.

THE governors of the States which represent the thirteen colonies have organized an association to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the promulgation of the U. S. Constitution, Sept. 17, 1787.——The contagious disease known as pleuro-pneumonia has appeared among the cattle at Chicago which are fed upon the refuse of the distilleries. Every attempt is making to restrict the spread of the disease, and three thousand cattle have been quarantined.——The city council of Philadelphia has decided to impeach Mayor Smith for dishonest and careless administration of his office.——G. M. Bartholomew, president of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., has confessed to defalcation amounting to $125,000, and has fled from the city. He was among the most respected citizens of Hartford, and was seventy years of age. The insurance company goes into the hands of a receiver.——President Cleveland and his wife returned to Washington Sept. 22, after a pleasant vacation passed among the Adirondacks.——Earthquake shocks continue to disturb the people of Charleston, S. C. No serious damage is done, but the more timid inhabitants are kept in a state of perpetual dread.——The week, Sept. 19–25, is notable for two great conventions, the Knights Templar holding their twenty-third triennial conclave at St. Louis, and the Odd-fellows gathering at Boston.——The Chiricahua Apaches, nearly four hundred in number, including warriors, squaws, and papooses, have been transferred from their home in Arizona to a reservation in Florida. The fate of Geronimo, their captive chief, has not yet been decided.——George W. Gould, cashier of the First National Bank of Portland, Me., is a defaulter to the amount of $150,000.——Snelling, the defaulting treasurer of the Lowell (Mass.) Bleachery Co., has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

The throne of Alexander of Bulgaria remains vacant, and the regency still conducts the government. The Sobranye, or national parliament, has investigated the recent kidnapping case, and has decided that three men, Karaveloff, Nikiferoff, and Zankoff, were the leaders in the conspiracy to carry off the prince. The parliament evidently intends to follow the wish of the people and prosecute the conspirators. To this Russia objects on the ground that it will disturb the peace, in which case it will be necessary for the czar to interfere.——The Netherlands parliament opened at The Hague, Sept. 20. The king's speech announced that the country was peaceful and generally prosperous, but that the government intended to propose laws regulating public assemblies and trades unions.——An attempt was made to assassinate Bratiano, premier of Roumania, Sept. 16.——Conflicts between the mobs and the police continue to disturb Belfast.——Forty-five miners were killed by an explosion at Essen, Germany, Sept. 24.

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1 Horse's Head, 4x5	1 Pond Lily's Buds and Leaves, 5x6
1 Tinsel Design, 7 in.	1 Boquet of Full-blown Pansies, 10 in. high
1 bunch of Fuschias.	1 Crying Baby for Tidy, in Outline, 10 in.
1 bunch of Strawberries	1 Alphabet, 1¾ in. high, with Sprig of Ferns
1 vine of Forget-me-nots and Daisies	1 outline design, Boy and Girl Skating, 7 inches high
1 single Daisy and Forget-me-not, 2x2 in.	2 beautiful Scallop designs with Vine, 2¼ inches wide
1 boquet of Daisies and Forget-me-nots, 5x6 inches	Elegant Snowflake designs for Crazy Patchwork
1 sprig of Batchelor's Button, 3½ in. high	1 superb vine of Point Russe Stitches, 1¼ inches wide
1 Scallop with sprigs of Lily of the Valley	Complete Design of Crying Child for Tidy, in outline
1 vine of Daisies and Ferns, 5½ inches wide	1 strip of Scallops for Skirts, Infant's Blanket, &c.

1 growing design of Violets, for Lambrequins, &c., 6 in. high. 1 sprig Daisies and Buds.

1 sprig of Daisies, 4 in. high	1 Braiding Pattern, wide	1 new vine of Roses, 2 inches wide
1 sprig of Barberries, 3 in. high	1 boquet Daisies and buds	2 Braiding Patterns, narrow design
1 single Rose and Bud, 2x2 in.	1 spray Lilies of the Valley, 3½ in.	1 little Butterfly with closed wings
1 vine with Scallop, 2½ in. wide	1 spray of Autumn Leaves	1 new scallop with Forget-me-nots
1 design, Two Owls on branch	1 vine of Leaves, 1½ in. wide	1 vine of Roses and Buds, 5 inches
1 sprig of Golden Rod, 4 in. high	2 sprigs Batchelor's Button	1 Butterfly on spray of Rosebuds
1 bunch of Roses and Buds, 3x5 in.	1 plain scallop for Flannel Skirts	1 Butterfly with wide open wings
1 cluster of Strawberries, 2½x3 in.	1 Boy holding Sunflower, 7 in.	1 bunch of Forget-me-nots, 4½ in.
1 sprig of Forget-me-nots, 1½x2 in.	1 Boy and Girl for Tidy, 7x6 in.	8 or 10 Crazy Patchwork designs

1 Peacock Feather 1 Wide Braiding Pattern for Tinsel

1 Cat	1 Girl for Tidy	1 Kitten, 3½ in. high	1 large Butterfly	One Stem of Strawberries
1 Fish	1 Sprig Wheat	1 Full-blown Daisies	1 Spray of Leaves	1 design of Child's Face
1 Daisy	1 large Anchor	1 little Girl, 5 in. high	1 Spray of Daisies	1 Sprig of Daisies, 4x5 in.
2 Stars	1 small Anchor	1 large bunch Daisies	1 Full-blown Rose	1 Bunch Forget-me-nots
1 Pansy	1 bunch Violets	1 Batchelor's Button	2 small Butterflies	1 Vine of Roses, 2 in. wide
1 Arrow	1 Staff of Music	1 large bunch Pansies	1 Star and Anchor	1 vine of Roses, 2½ in. wide
8 Sparrows	1 Bird, 4x5 inches	1 Wild Rose and Buds	1 Hen and Chickens	1 single Buttercup, 2x2 in.
1 Buttercup	1 Owl on branch	1 Vine of Flowers, 8 in.	1 Spray Jessamine	1 sprig of Asters, 2x3½ in.
1 Tulip, 5 in.	1 flying Swallow	1 Bird on Branch, 4 in.	1 Sprig Buttercups	1 bunch of Pansies, 4x5 in.
1 little Bird	1 little Butterfly	1 Half Moon with Face	1 Hand holding Hat	1 braiding Vine, 2 in. wide
1 Sprig Pink	2 Vines of Daisies	1 branch of Roses, 9 in.	1 Pretty Girl's Face	1 braiding Vine, 1¼ in. wide
1 Golden Rod	2 Owls on a branch	1 large spray of Wheat	5 Snowflake designs	1 sprig of Smilax, 5 in. high
1 sprig Violets	1 Flying Bird, 5 in.	8 Sprigs Forget-me-not	1 Odd Fellow design	1 Girl with Hoop, for Tidy

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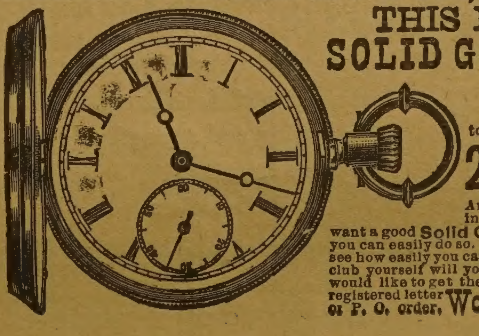

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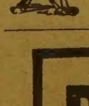

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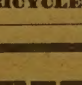

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

MELON-CHOLIA.

Now on the wood-shed, all night long,
The melancholic Tom-cat yowleth;
And in his bedroom, shrill and strong,
The melon-colic small boy howleth.—*T. L. G.*

—He (reading)—"And on rounding Sandy Hook the *Galatea* fell off two points—"
She (not interested in yachting)—"How much easier she must have felt, poor thing, particularly if they were tacks."—*Tidbits.*

—An Illinois farmer, after filling his barn with hay, discovered a hornets' nest at the end of the loft. He fired a charge of powder into the nest with a shotgun. If he succeeds in settling with the insurance company, he thinks he shall rebuild on the old site.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"You know the new catcher of the base-ball nine?"
"Yes."
"Saw him down at the doctor's office the other day."
"What was he there for?"
"Getting vaccinated."
"Vaccinated? Why, great heavens! What does he want to get vaccinated for? He'd never catch any thing in a hundred years."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Mrs. Minks—"So you met Lieut. Henn and his wife of *Galatea* while in Boston?"
Mrs. Winks—"Yes; they are a lovely couple. They have been married eleven years, and lived the greater part of the time in their yacht, very seldom in sight of land."
"How strange; but I suppose Mrs. Henn has been fortunate enough to secure a good girl and wanted to keep her."—*Omaha World.*

—At Bar Harbor.—First waiter—"Who's the new man at your table?"
Second waiter—"I don't know; but he's a regular dude."
First waiter—"He don't look it."
Second waiter—"Ah, but he eats it. Why, he threatened to report me at the office because I didn't give him cinnamon to put on his muskmelon."—*Town Topics.*

—Some time ago a lawyer was before Judge Coffey on some question of an estate and advanced some extraordinary legal opinions. Judge Coffey took his accounts.
"You are something of an accountant, are you?"
"Yes, your Honor; I know a little about it."
"And you are familiar with real estate?"
"Yes, your Honor; I know a little about that."
"Ah—hem—well, if you only knew a little about law, you'd know a little about every thing, wouldn't you?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A little girl went visiting one day, and after a time was given the album of family photographs to look at. She turned the leaves over carefully, and pretty soon closed the book.
"Well, dear," asked the hostess, "did you look at the album?"
"O, yes," answered the little maid, brightly. "And we've got one 'zactly like it, only the pictures are prettier."—*Exchange.*

—Col. Ethan Allen, of Lisbon, was at one time a guest at the Howard Hotel, corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, New York. On entering the dining-room no waiter advanced to give him a seat. The colonel coolly walked to a table near by, and, taking a chair which was turned up at the head of the table, took a seat. He was hardly in the chair before a waiter came hurriedly to him, saying,
"This seat is engaged."
"To whom?" asked the colonel.
"To a gentleman," replied the waiter.
"He's come," said the colonel, and remained at his dinner undisturbed, amid peals of laughter from the guests at the table.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

—Gustave Claudin is occasionally a bit too prudent. While in a strange hotel in the Provinces a few months ago, he discovered, just before extinguishing the light in his room, that there were only four matches in the match-box.
"If I awake at night," he thought, "and these matches are wet, what shall I do?"
Whereupon he tested them one by one, blew them out in turn, and tranquilly laid him down to rest.—*French Paper.*

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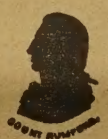

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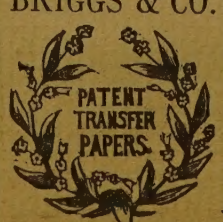

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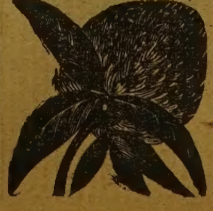

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